

The Ford International Weekly THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

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Twentieth Year, Number 23, April 3, 1920.

The price of subscription in the United States and its possessions is One Dollar a year; in Canada, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; and in other countries, Two Dollars. Single Copy, Five Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

For Clean Politics

WHETHER a seat in the United States Senate is a purchasable commodity is a question which has engaged the people of Michigan ever since the spring of 1918. At that time Truman H. Newberry, Republican candidate, was declared to have won the election, after a campaign which had become notorious for its lavish expenditure of money. The election resulted in widespread discussion of the methods used and in dissatisfaction with the result. Out of this arousal of the public conscience came a grand jury inquiry, and out of the grand jury came the indictment of 135 men from all parts of the state, the list being headed by Senator Newberry. As a result of a trial of the indictments, Senator Newberry was found guilty, sentenced to two years in prison and to pay a fine of \$10,000, and with him 16 accomplices were convicted and given in most cases jail sentences.

Thus came to a conclusion a most important service rendered to the people of the state of Michigan, and to clean politics throughout the country, by the United States Government whose legal officers had charge of the prosecution. The service thus rendered did not consist merely in indicting and convicting certain individuals, but in laying bare the ramifications of a political system that was spread out like a web to control political activity and to catch the money of opulent candidates. The exposure was complete; the people of Michigan were astounded to learn how far-reaching the system was, how many supposedly respectable citizens it included, and with what perfection it reached out to control every cross-roads leader and every city ward-heeler.

The trial just ended was a model of dispassionate and unpartisan procedure. It was perhaps natural that, in the absence of any other explanation to make, some of the convicted men and their friends should have voiced the charge that the Administration at Washington was responsible for the outcome of the trial. The charge will hardly hold water in the face of the facts. *Michigan is a Republican state. Of the 23 members who comprised the grand jury, 19 were Republicans. The jury which convicted Republican Senator Newberry and his Republican associates was a Republican jury—10 men being Republicans, one a Democrat and the other an Independent. The trial judge also was a Republican. The only conclusion that can be drawn from a conviction obtained under these conditions is that the prosecution had the goods, and that the jury was bound by the facts to find as it did.*

The people of the state of Michigan, wearied by constant crookedness in their political affairs, passed a law limiting the expenditures which candidates could legally make in their campaigns; the belief in which the law was passed being this, that when the flow of money was decreased, the interests that were in politics for money only might be starved out. It was for exceeding the expenditure which the state permitted him to make—exceeding it 50 times over—that Senator Newberry was indicted. The law that had been violated is now amply vindicated.

In a sense, Senator Newberry was the victim of a system. The system guaranteed him a seat in the senate if he would finance the kind of campaign the money-hungry politicians were ready to make. He produced the money, and they produced the seat. It remains yet to be seen whether or not there was trickery in the count of the ballots.

A certain natural sympathy for Truman H. Newberry, his friends and their families, cannot be stifled.

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The disgrace is not a light one, and disgrace is a thing which no right-thinking man covets for another. But until sentence was pronounced, the state of Michigan was disgraced, the people of the state were disgraced, the Republican party was disgraced, and the law was disgraced. Disgrace ought to rest where it belongs, and certainly it did not belong to the state, the people nor the law. It is always painful to see the infliction of pain and anxiety on the innocent, and it is sincerely to be hoped that in the future the politicians will think of their families before committing the act which will compel attorneys to ask a jury to consider the families which they themselves forgot.

The Newberry verdict ought to serve for a long, long time as a deterrent from shady politics in Michigan and adjacent states. The present exposure has proved the political death knell of men who have long been known as "kings" of their respective counties. Their successors in leadership, if successors they have, will bear very vividly in mind the Newberry trial with its exposures and consequences, and the very name of that proceeding ought to serve as a strong warning whenever crooked methods are proposed.

The trial serves notice also on the national system which uses these purchasable state systems, that the practice of picking western senators according to their acceptability in New York offices is and will remain a thing of the past.

Women and Sewing Machines

THE English are not any funnier than the rest of us. It is merely that now and then some few of them see fit to employ their talents and energy in directions that seem funny to us. In real humor they haven't the edge on us. What makes them seem to us so funny at times is their frightful seriousness in matters in which we remain calm, which we accept without getting unduly excited.

First it was Mr. Horatio Bottomley, editor of John Bull, who became rampant in the field of satire when he cavorted recently all over America and Americans. What Horatio said wasn't true; but that made it all the funnier in that he took himself so tremendously seriously. We laughed at it, long and loud.

Now it is Mr. James Swinburne who gets into the vaudeville spotlight in England to tell us something about woman. Mr. Swinburne is a well-known engineer, and while this does not make him an authority on matters that pertain to women, it does not prevent him from being very funny. His list of funny things about women is a long one; and it is a serious array, which makes it very funny. Among the items chosen at random are:

1. "There has never been a woman critic." This assertion will probably appear funny to Mr. Swinburne himself, if he will take time to look at it, and then take some more time, maybe a week, to let it soak in.

2. "No woman has brought out a system of harmony." One is prompted to ask—how could she with Mr. Swinburne around?

3. "Woman lacks the mechanical faculty; how many women in England have ever taken their sewing machines to pieces to understand how they work?" Strange, isn't it, what vagaries these engineers run to? The chances are that every stitch of clothing which Mr. Swinburne has on his back, even before he retires, was made in large part by machinery, and that on these machines there were at work more women than men. And yet he wears those clothes.

4. "Women always look best dressed as table maids, nuns, and nurses. Give a woman her head and she makes her costume ugly by doing everything to destroy the appearance of her figure." If the question were not impertinent, one might ask whether it is nursemaids whom Mr. Swinburne ogles on the tramcars, or women more fashionably dressed.

And thus the long list of items runs on. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Swinburne does not represent the English view of woman; he probably doesn't represent anybody but himself and that not very well. Mr. Swinburne knows as any may who is not congenitally unable to understand it, that without the aid of England's women in the war he would not now be in a position to ply his trade as England's chief fun-maker.

As far as the question is concerned of woman's being less able to take sewing machines apart than man is, this is entirely within the realm of academic quibbling. We know where to go when we want our stitcher taken apart. In the meantime it is hereby moved, supported and passed, that Mr. Swinburne had better stick to his engineering. He may know something about that.

A Beckoning Business

YOUNG man, have you ever considered farming as a career? Very likely not. You have heard so much about "the farmer's lot" that you have formed a distinct aversion to taking it on. And yet, if you only knew it, farming offers you one of the most wonderful openings that could be found just now. Indeed, farming is the only one of the really important half dozen professions that isn't overcrowded. There is not only room at the top, there is room at the bottom too—which is a very important point for the beginner.

It is almost wasted effort to say these things to the average city man. But here and there is a fellow whose ears and mind are open and who knows that advice is not always idly offered. The farm presents a field for a man's life-work which an unplaced, unsettled young man will do well to consider.

The farm resembles every other sphere of labor in that it has its drawbacks. Even being president has its drawbacks, as every president has discovered. There is nothing on earth without alloy. One of the principal drawbacks of farming, as seen by the city man, is that it doesn't have a pay day every week. But it has a pay day every year that enables a man to turn around, plan and accomplish something.

Young manhood is building time, sowing time. If the young man doesn't get into a line of advancement; if he doesn't wisely weigh the value of future knowledge and experience against present cash wages; if he doesn't realize that it is not what he may be able to do now, but what he may be able to do when he is 40 or 50 years old that counts, then he is not laying a very strong foundation. Learning is more important than earning in the formative years of a young man's life.

And farming offers just this. It is the happiest combination of muscular and mental work that has ever been known. It is a man's job, because he can work at it with his hands, and with his mind. Farming is not a clodhopper's job. It has always seemed that physical labor predominated in farm operations, but the steady incoming of power-farming has lifted a great part of the burden off animals and men. Farmers are now entrusted with the most important problems underlying our economic structure—the problem of food and other vital supplies. They possess today a recognition and esteem that they have always deserved, but which the delusive glitter and quick rewards of city life have conspired to withhold from them. The city has had its day. The rich are already deserting it, and the workingman will do so in good time. We shall all be suburbanites when the glamour of the city shall have faded. The city may be a good place in which to work; it is becoming less and less a desirable place in which to live. Modern invention is making possible for the farm home all the real advantages which the city home was thought to possess.

At this time of the year, as in the early autumn, the countrysides ring with the voices of auctioneers who preside at the moving of some farmer from the land. An alarming number of farmers are going out of business. The fact itself has a double significance: first, that the farmers who thus sell out are able to retire on what they have earned (which in itself commends farming as a business); second, that the farms thus given up are open to someone else to run (which is of interest to the young man looking for a career).

The call is no longer "Young man, go West!" The cry is, go to the land! Dollars may rise and fall in value; the land remains. Wars may hinder the orderly processes of society; the processes of nature continue their course as always. The farmer's partners are the honest, constant ones of sun and soil and shower. They play no tricks, though a scientific knowledge helps increase the assistance that may be gained from them. And when a man begins to work in the earth, his social conscience no longer troubles him; he knows that what he does is first honest, then serviceable. The culture of the soil holds harm for none.

Life's greatest torture is to live without being loved.

You can put a fool on the track of advice but you cannot make him follow it.

The sinful who forgive sin in others are far better than the upright who never forgive.

If you keep going after worth-while things hard enough, they will begin to meet you half way.

If the recapitulation of every life had to be published, how virtuous would be the next generation.

We acquire manners, morals and customs; but envy, greed, hate, passion and love are a part of us. Our life's happiness depends upon whether we rule them or let them rule us.